

Gambucia

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VOLUME VII.

WING AND REAPING MACHINES.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

You think it is easy your steps to retrace,
Before the last pitfall is gained,
That a man can stop short of a crushing dis-
grace,
And still find his honor unstained.
But sin is so mighty, and conscience so weak,
And under so tempting a spell,
That though you may long other pleasures
To seek
Your weakness you never can tell.

The ocean of evil you never can sound;
Its depth you can never discern,
But under your feet is the treacherous ground
It away from the good land you turn.
You see not the danger, you fear not the foe,
You whisper the soul, "it is well!"
And think that you know just how far you
may go.
But you never, no, never can tell?

You never can tell at what moment you'll
die?

Ita shows that are cruelly laid
By those who are willing another should
die.

Where they were so foully betrayed.

A moment's indulgence may lead you to
crimes.

That meets a prisoner's cell;

Then quench the hot fever of passion be-
tides,

For its power you never can tell?

You never can tell at what moment you'll
die.

The signal of death at your gate,
Whose touch will arrest your wild, thought-
less career,

And bring your repentance too late.

Stand firm then today, the allurement of
sin.

With pride and persistence repel,
And strive for a prize that is worthy to win
And whose glory no mortal can tell!

—N. Y. Ledger.

STORY OF THE WANDERING JEW.

With the outlines of the story of the Wandering Jew all intelligent readers are familiar. It tells of a human being existing in an undying condition and traveling ceaselessly over the face of the earth, seeking rest and finding none. The suggestion upon which the legend is based may probably be found in the words spoken by Christ: "Verily I say unto you. There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom." It will be remembered also that Christ said to Peter, speaking of John: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" These and one or two other similar sentences from the lips of our Saviour have very naturally created an impression that certain persons who were living at the time of His appearance upon earth would remain alive until His second coming upon the judgment day. Precisely how and when this opinion crystallized into the shape which we are considering cannot be determined with exactness, but the fact is hardly doubted that the gospel utterances just quoted really supplied the germ which, in some active fancy, perhaps that of a monk of the Middle Ages, fructified into this wonderfully poetic and dramatic story.

After his visit to England, just alluded to, he is not heard of until 1565, when he was reported to have appeared in Bohemia, where he assisted a certain weaver named Konot to find a treasure which had been secreted in the royal palace of Konot's father, sixty years before, at which time the Jew was present. He then had the appearance of being about 70 years of age. In 1547 he was seen in Hamburg, if we are to believe Dr. Ven Etzen, of Schleswig, who declared that when he was a youth in Hamburg, he, on a certain Sunday in Church, saw a tall man with his hair hanging over his shoulders, standing barefoot during the sermon. The visitor listened with the deepest attention, and whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned he bowed humbly and profoundly with signs and beating of the breast. After the sermon he was interrogated, and declared himself to be Amasurus, the Jew. He had no other clothing in the bitter cold of winter than a pair of hose which were in tatters about his feet, and a coat with a girdle which reached nearly to the ground. His general appearance was that of a man about fifty years.

Von Etzen says that he, with the rector of the Hamburg school, who was a traveller and well read in history, questioned the Jew about events which had taken place in the east since the death of Christ, and he gave them much correct information on many ancient matters, so that it was impossible not to be convinced of the truth of his story.

It is affirmed that the Jew was seen in Madrid, Spain, in 1575, in just such a dress as he had worn in Hamburg. In 1599 he appeared in Vienna, if reported to be believed, and immediately afterward in various portions of Poland. He was said to be upon his way to Moscow, where he was seen and spoken to by many persons. In the year 1604 he is reported to have visited Paris; and a writer of that period declares that the common people saw the wanderer and conversed with him. Subsequently he went to Hamburg again, and to Naumburg, where he was seen in church, and where he received presents of food and clothing from the burghers. In 1633 two citizens

of Brussels declared that while walking in the forest near the city they met an aged man in tattered garments, whom they invited to an inn. He refused to sit while he eat, but standing how cruelly he was crucified, and how He suffered, and how He died. As soon as the crucifixion was ended, it seemed as if he could not return to Jerusalem nor see again his wife and child, but he felt that he must go forth to foreign lands, one after another like a mournful pilgrim. He wandered to and fro over the earth for many years, and then returned to his ancient home, only to find the holy city ruined and utterly razed, so that not one stone was left standing upon another, and so that he could not recognize former localities. So forth he started upon his journey again, and began anew the wanderings which shall not cease until all thing shall come to an end.

The old chronicles which contain this touching and wonderful story also tell something of the manner and peculiarities of the Jew. He is said to be a man of few words and of circumspect behavior. He does not speak ill, unless when questioned by devout men, and then he tells of the events of old times, of the incidents which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of the Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection—namely, those who rose with Christ and went into Jerusalem and appeared unto men. He also tells of the apostles, of their separation and preaching. All this he relates without smiling, and it was believed then by many at the time that he was the Wandering Jew.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a man professing to be a Jew was born in England, and attracted much attention, particularly from the ignorant. He thrust himself into the notice of the nobility, who, half in jest, half in curiosity, paid him and peculiar from other men, as he used to do. The difference between the type and the reality is that Amasurus is said to have done. They have been driven from their homes, as he was; they have wandered over the whole earth, as is alleged of him; and they have lived apart, distinct and peculiar from other men, as he used to do. The difference between the type and the reality is that Amasurus became a Christian, while the Jews cling to the old faith. But the resemblance is so great that we think we are warranted in asserting that the origin of the malignant tale may be traced to the historic fact.—*To-Day.*

men clinging so desperately might become prolonged for centuries.

There has been a great deal of conjecture as to the process by which the story of the Wandering Jew was formed. The scriptural texts give the beginning of this article supply sufficient reason for that part of it which refers to the mere prolongation of a human life, but they give no hint or suggestion of the material of which the rest of the legend is composed. Some persons have supposed that the Jew was the emblem of the gypsies, which at one time was thought to be of Egyptian origin, and which is nomadic. The theory was that the original gypsies were cursed because they refused to shelter the Virgin and Child in their flight from Egypt. This, however, is not either consistent or satisfactory. The most plausible explanation is that the Wandering Jew is really the type of the Hebrew race. The Jews did offend Jesus, as Amasurus is said to have done. They have been driven from their homes, as he was; they have wandered over the whole earth, as is alleged of him; and they have lived apart, distinct and peculiar from other men, as he used to do. The difference between the type and the reality is that Amasurus became a Christian, while the Jews cling to the old faith. But the resemblance is so great that we think we are warranted in asserting that the origin of the malignant tale may be traced to the historic fact.—*To-Day.*

Going to See an Iron Fence.

A Danbury man started for Greenwich, to-day, to see an iron fence. What he wanted to see an iron fence for we don't know, and it really makes no difference. He went. He wanted to go off on the No. 50 train, so he hurried home to get ready. His wife and a violent outside woman were cleaning house, and it was some little time before he could get his society smilie ready. In the meantime he opened fire on the largest half of a cutaway pie, holding it in his hand, and dinging around and yelling for his things. When she brought his overcoat, he set the pie in a chair to put on the coat, but in his nervousness stepped on the end of a long-handled white-wash brush which was balanced across a nail, and the other end flew up and discharged about a pint of the awful mixture over the sofa, wall paper, and his panting and indignant wife. She made a remark and he contradicted it. Then he sat down in the chair where the pie was, and got up again with a howl that would have melted the stoniest heart. She wanted him to wait while she scraped off the surplus, but he was too mad to converse in words of more than one syllable, and started for the depot, and board the train, and in the seclusion of the baggage car removed the offensive lunch. He got to Greenwich all right, and looked at the fence. We hope he admired it. Then he started for home, but missed the train, and as the next train was an express and didn't stop at Greenwich, he was obliged to walk to the drawbridge at Cos Cob or stay at Greenwich all night. So he walked up there in the rain, but didn't mind it much, as he had an umbrella, and the pie was pretty well dried. When he got to Cos Cob, he stood up on a fence to look at the scenery, and swear, when a sharp gust of wind took off his hat and took it across a bog lot. Then he stepped down on the other side too amazed to express himself, and another gust of wind came along and turned the umbrella inside out. A brief conversation here ensued between himself and the umbrella, and he again started for the hat. When he got up to it, he kicked it around several times, and then jammed it down on his head, and started once more through the bags as the train drew up to the bridge. It was a terrible struggle, as the bags were uncertain, but he strained and coughed, and spit, and howled, and swore, and it did seem as if he would catch it after all. What he thought as he stood there until near midnight, and then went up on the owl train to Norwalk, falling asleep in the meantime, and narrowly escaping being carried by the depot. Here he took the freight for Danbury, arriving at home just before daylight. His wife was abed but not sleeping. She lay there torn by forebodings, and harassed by suspense. Perhaps he was dead and lying on the cold ground, in the rain. Then she thought of his lifeless body, and groaned; and thought of the pie and groaned again. She knew his knock the moment it sounded, and rushing down stairs in the costume appropriate to that hour, she threw herself into his hair, and hysterically shouted, "O, you old rascal, come in here!"—*Danbury News.*

Scandinavian

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BIRD LANGUAGE.

BY MRS. E. SHERMAN SMITH.

What do the wrens and the robins say,
Talking so tunefully all the long day?
Now on the cedar bush, now on the ground,
Chirping their thoughts to the blossoms around;

around;

Now on the willow-tree waving so high,
Watching their canaries close to the sky.

What do the wrens and the robins say?

Do they feel the charms of this beautiful day?

Do the winds whisper warmth in their veins?

And give the toy-birds to those wonderful strains?

Are they mad with love or drunk with desire?

That they revel so wildly from noon to night?

What do the wrens and the robins say?

Let each one answer as best he may.

For every bairn hollers a key.

Tinkling the musical melody;

An' thare's twenty thousand birds with the words.

Of that varylang language learned by the birds.

The little child hears in the gladsome strain

A call to the birds and the robins to play.

They sing with pleasure and joyousness.

With happy hearts his new game-dam.

As he runs to the oft-repeated hymn,

The birds sing of rest, and the glory of earth.

At the gates of rest, and the glory of earth,

Are the birds which especially spring to play.

For the singer of stars and flowers and streams,

Glides with melody into the dreamy dream.

How gay to the listening world again,

As he leaves into many a tuneful lay.

What he leaves the wrens and the robins say.

BILLINGS ON THE LAMP.

The lamp is a juvenile sleep.

They are born about the first ov March, and remain on the lamp just az sun is up.

They are as innocent az shrimps, they won't bite, nor scratch, nor talk sly.

They don't know much, only to sit,

az sun, turn summersets on the grass,

kite up their heels, play rag, plague

their mothers, and have fun generally.